

LONG WEARY DAY

OR

THE PEASANT MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

Translated from the German by CHARLIE HINE.

Arranged by C.G. WEBER.

Lento sostenuto.

Not in E

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in E-flat major, 4/4 time, marked 'Lento sostenuto'. The piano part features a series of chords and moving lines, with dynamics ranging from *p* (piano) to *cres.* (crescendo). The vocal part enters with the lyrics 'The wea-ry day to me Goessad and Den lie-ben lan-gen Tag Hab' i nur'. The piano accompaniment includes a *dim.* (diminuendo) section. The score continues with the lyrics 'mournfully, The weary day to me Goessad and mournfully, And Schmerz und Plag, Den lie-ben lan gen Tag Hab' i nur Schmerz und Plag, Und'. The piano part provides a steady accompaniment throughout.

p *cres.* *mf* *p* *dim.* *p*

The wea-ry day to me Goessad and
Den lie-ben lan-gen Tag Hab' i nur

mournfully, The weary day to me Goessad and mournfully, And
Schmerz und Plag, Den lie-ben lan gen Tag Hab' i nur Schmerz und Plag, Und

when the night comes darkly deep; No joy, no joy it brings, But sadness
 soll am A-bend doch nit weinen; Wenn i am Fenster steh' Und in die

dolce.
 on its wings, No balmy sleep A-lone I weep; No joy no
 Nacht 'nein seh' So ganz al - - leine, Dann muss i weine; Wenn i am

dolce. *ritard e*
 joy it brings, But sadness on its wings No balmy sleep, A-lone I
 Fenster steh' Und in die Nacht 'nein seh' So ganz al - - leine, Dann muss i

deces.
 weep.
 weine.

mf

For cold and dead he lies And far in
Denn ach mein Lieb ist tod, Da drob'n beim

yonder skies For cold and dead he lies, And far in yonder skies, The
lieben Gott, Denn ach mein Lieb ist tod, Da drob'n beim lie, ben Gott, Er

joys that once were in now dwell, My grief my grief is vain I'll see him
war mit Herz und Seel' der Meine, Nun seh' i ihn nimmermehr, Das schmerzt mi

dolce.
ne'er again I may not quell my bosom's swell My grief my
gar zu sehr, Drum muss i weine So ganz al - - leine Nun seh i ihn

dolce. ritard e decress.

grief is vain, I'll see him ne'er again I may not quell, my bosom's swell.
 nimmermehr, Dasschmerz mir gar zu sehr, Drum mus i weine So ganz al - - leine.

3

Ah! when unkind to him

A tear his eye would dim,

And he would say thy tears will fall

When far away from thee

I go beyond 'the sea,'

Thy tears will fall,

Thy joys will pall.

4

Oh! if he were not dead

And hope forever fled,

How joyful would my weeping be

Oh if he could return

My heart with joy would burn

Ah! me Ah! me

That may not be.

3.

Er hat mir's oft gesagt

Wenn ich ihn hab geplagt,

Du wirst noch ofte um mich weine,

Wenn ich fortgangen bin

Ganz weit in's Ausland hin,

Dann liebe Kleine

Dann wirst du weine.

4

O! du mein lieber Gott

'Swär besser doch wie tod,

Jch wollt' ja gerne um ihn weine

Wenn er nur wiederkäm

In seine Arm' mi nähm

Und spräch bist meine

Du liebe Kleine.